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THOMAS CRAWFORD

AND

ART IN AMERICA.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, UPON THE RECEPTION OF CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF THE INDIAN, PRESENTED BY FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, LL.D., PRESIDENT, TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1875.

BY SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., LL.D.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW YORK:
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THOMAS CRAWFORD

AND

ART IN AMERICA.

We receive to-night the gift of a masterpiece from the chisel of the master sculptor of our America; and this fact, with its date, so full of interesting associations, tells us, that we Americans, as such, have something to do with the world of art. This month begins our round of Centennial jubilees; and whilst our Massachusetts neighbors are bent upon celebrating the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, we may try our lungs a little at bragging in a different way, as we think not of smashing human profiles with muskets and cannon, bayonets and swords, but of modelling the human face as well as we can, in clay and marble, with hand and stick and chisel. Four hundred years ago, a month since, March 6, 1475, the prince of modern sculptors, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, was born, and we are just hearing the echo of the joy of Italy at the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of her illustrious son. This day, moreover, is the anniversary of the death of Raphael, who died April 6, 1520, three hundred

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and fifty-five years ago. Thus Italy, in the persons of her greatest sculptor and painter, meets with us now; and she who gave us Columbus and Americus, and who educated Crawford in his art, looks with a patronizing eye upon the rising art of our young America. It is nearly four hundred years since her Columbus opened our new world to the old; and there is something at first a little disheartening in the thought, that in all that time we have done nothing in art to equal her doings in the first hundred of those years, and that the first century since we became a nation has given us no name in sculpture or painting like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

But think a little more seriously upon the facts of the case, and there will be no occasion for discouragement. When Columbus, in April, 1492, fixed his articles of agreement with Ferdinand and Isabella for his great voyage of discovery, a Tuscan boy, who at fourteen had been apprenticed in 1489 for three years in the workshop of Domenico Ghirlandajo for about eight dollars a year, was practising his eye and hand among the busts, statues, and bas reliefs in the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici. Then, seventeen years old, he had shown his genius, and more than a year before, when under sixteen years, he had given immortality to a piece of marble by the touch of his chisel—the copy of the mask of the old Faun, which is still preserved in the public gallery of Florence. He lived to be nearly ninety years of age, and died February 17, 1564, about two months before William Shakespeare was born. There is something in this conjunction of names that

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honors the Italian sculptor, and also comforts us, the blood relations of the English poet. With all his marvellous genius and his manifold works as sculptor, painter, and architect, Michael Angelo never took hold of the popular life of Italy as Shakespeare took hold of England. He was obliged to give the gifts of his inspiration and the toils of his years to a power which he did not love, and instead of breathing a new spirit into dormant Italy, he helped to turn the influence of the rising revival of letters towards the restoration of mediæval despotism. Without meaning to do it, he helped to turn the Rome of Dante into the Rome of Loyola, and before he died he saw enough to tell him that the St. Peter's which rose under his master hand was not lifting the old Roman manhood, with the Roman Pantheon before the eyes of Italy, towards the mercy-seat of heaven.

Raphael, as he lay in state, robed for the grave, with his marvellous picture of the Transfiguration behind his head, this April 6, 1520, in Rome, the whole city doing him homage, was in more respects than one to be envied by his sublimer rival; for to Raphael beauty was its own paradise, and he opened its treasures to astonished Italy without any misgivings of the time when returning superstition would prefer the grotesque Bambino to his peerless Madonnas and Holy Child Christs, and the Barocco architecture of the Jesuit Church to the grandeur of Michael Angelo. Successful they both were, and their art was literature and eloquence to their time. Their pictures, statues, and buildings were poems, orations, romances, sermons, and philosophy, yet they

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did not rise to the peculiar triumph which belongs to the heroes of the new nations of Christendom, and Thomas Crawford was happier than they in having a great nation encourage his work and take his art to fix its august memory and to exalt its majestic hope.

Michael Angelo's poems bring out the sadness of which his life was full; and this generous Broad Churchman, whose creed joined the thought of Plato to the faith of St. John, felt that in the height of his fame he was grinding, like Samson, in the mill of the Philistines, and slaving himself to build up a power which he little loved. This sonnet to Night brings out the spirit of the man, and cheers our America with promise of brighter day for her Art:—

"O night! O sweet though sombre span of time!
All things find rest upon their journey's end—
Whoso hath praised thee well doth apprehend;
And whoso honors thee hath wisdom's prime.
Our cares thou canst to quietude sublime,
For dews and darkness are of peace the friend;
Often by thee in dreams upborne I wend
From earth to heaven, where yet I hope to climb.

Thou shade of Death, through whom the soul at length
Shuns pain and sadness hostile to the heart,
Where mourners find their last and sure relief,
Thou dost restore our suffering flesh to strength,
Driest our tears, assuagest every smart,
Purging the spirits of the pure from grief."

In this sonnet, and in his whole temper, there is much of Michael Angelo that comes home to us all now. A great achievement, his life was a great

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prophecy, and was always suggesting more than he did. His paintings and frescoes meant statues, and his statues meant poems, and his poems breathed a grand unrest, a perpetual sigh for the Renaissance, the re-birth, that no beautiful arts nor priestly dominion, but the reign of God with mankind can secure. Thomas Crawford's life, too, was full of struggle, and it closed at forty-three years in shadows dark in pain and disappointment without his fault; but he was working towards the light, and the statue of America on his country's Capitol holds out to Italy a fairer promise than Michael Angelo ever saw in the Basilica that sacrificed his country to a caste. In the age of Leo X. the arts flourished at the expense of liberty, humanity, and the highest intellectual culture. There was too much and too precocious blossoming for the best fruit. Literature languished, that the arts of design might thrive. Why lament, then, that our America has not suffered thus, poor as she has been in the treasures of art! Rather see the order of Providence in the destiny that has allowed the sturdy trunk of our civilization to grow for centuries here, and now at last the promised bloom of beauty is to come without sacrifice of wisdom and strength. The hand that was raised up to set the figure of Washington upon the stately monument at Richmond cannot envy Michael Angelo the tomb of the Medici and the mythical shapes thereon. Washington and Cavour, practical and prosaic as they were, mean more good to mankind, and in the end deeper inspiration to high art, than all the Medici combined. In Italy superstition

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used art to keep down the human mind, and made Raphael put it to sleep by the charm of his beauty, and Michael Angelo, in spite of himself, to frown down its liberty by the grandeur of his genius. It was worse in France, where the modern spirit was laughed down by the fun of Rabelais and scared away by the gloom of Calvin.

Times have changed now, and art, especially sculpture, has become the ally of liberty, the champion of all generous culture. The spirit of Michael Angelo has gone, where it always belonged, to the free mind of the northern nations, and Thomas Crawford was one of his disciples; loyal member of that noble brotherhood of sculptors, among whom Thorwaldsen was father, and Rauch and Drake and Schwanthaler and Dannecker were brothers. It devolves upon me to speak of him to-night in connection with art in America, and I must be allowed to say that this office is not of my seeking, and did not seem to belong to me; for I am not an artist, nor a critic, nor a connoisseur, nor in any way qualified to teach the principles or interpret the examples of art. I have a certain love for the beautiful arts, and more love for the ideal and harmonizing culture to which they belong; and perhaps it is not unbecoming in me, under the circumstances, to appear here on this ground, and, as a friend and helper of the higher education of our people and their children, to speak of this American sculptor and his beautiful art. A few words of him, and then let us present the lesson of his life.

I. The anniversary discourse before the society,

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December 14, 1857, by Professor George W. Greene, was an eloquent tribute to the genius and character of Crawford. I had the honor of offering the resolution of thanks to the orator with some remarks. It is not for me, then, to undertake to do now what has already been done; yet I can properly recall enough of Crawford's career to place him distinctly before the minds of the young who did not hear that address, to say nothing of the elders, whose impression of it may have been obscured by the flight of years and the burdens of care. He was born in New York City, March 22, 1813, where he had a good common school education, and at the age of fourteen, after much study of drawing, with great attention to engravings and all works of art within his reach, he engaged himself to a wood-carver, with whom he remained till he was nineteen years of age, diversifying the work of carving wood with the study of architecture. At nineteen he entered the studio of Frazee & Launitz, monumental sculptors in this city, where he learned the mechanical part of sculpture and showed decided ability in modelling leaves, flowers, and other natural objects, and began to work upon portrait busts with success. In 1835 he started for Rome, and there, in Thorwaldsen, he met the presence and heard the words of encouragement that opened to him his destiny. Now twenty-two years of age, he had gone through his preparation, and his struggle began, which may be said to have ended with the reception of his statue of Orpheus in Boston, in 1841, and the happy marriage in 1844, which gave him, in a favored New York lady, the Eurydice

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that he sought, without seeking her in any subterranean shades. From that date to his early death, thirteen years afterwards, his years of triumph were counted. Great indeed were his labors for a young man of forty-three years, the age at which he died, and during his twenty years of professional life, with only three visits home, in 1844, 1849, 1856, he finished upwards of sixty works, many of them colossal, and left about fifty sketches in plaster and designs of various kinds. How impressive is the record of his burial at St. John's Church in this city, where he had always attended from his boyhood until he went to Rome, and what changes have come since that day in 1857 when good Dr. Berrian read the burial service, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Dix, Weston, and Young; and Charles Sumner, Henry T. Tuckerman, George W. Curtis, George W. Greene, Francis Lieber, and his brother artists, Rossiter, Kensett and Hicks, were pall-bearers. As we think of his death, at forty-three, October 10, 1857, we may justly compare him with his peers in art, and remember that Thorwaldsen died at seventy-three, Canova at sixty-five, Bartolini at seventy-two, Rauch at eighty, Dannecker at eighty-three, Flaxman at seventy-one, Tenerani at over seventy. Schwanthaler, who died at forty-six, after adorning with colossal statues the throne-room of Munich and the Walhalla of Ratisbon, and modelling the gigantic statue of Bavaria, comes near to our American sculptor in the originality and force of his genius, the number of his productions, and in his early death. But the Munich sculptor had a royal family to cheer him, and the gold of a kingdom to support him and to

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carry out his plans, whilst the American struggled for bread.

1. I will not undertake to describe or specify his works, but must be content with presenting the character of his genius and influence. And first of all he impersonated in himself the two essential qualities of the artist mind, the union of intense personality with the most generous and comprehensive universality. He was, from first to last, Thomas Crawford and nobody else, a marked and persistent individual, yet he grew out in all directions towards nature, humanity and God's providence. Although not a great scholar, familiar indeed with the French and Italian, and knowing the Greek and Latin classics only in translations, and never making any attempts at authorship, content with studying as well as he could the thoughts and style of the masters of literature, he was in his way a remarkable interpreter of the ages of history and the phases of human culture and genius from the days of Homer to those of Beethoven. As generally studied and written, history in its universal relations is dry and abstract, pedantic and unideal, but our sculptor made it live and speak in his creations. Its soul was embodied and its body was inspirited in every character that he studied and modelled. He could not of course do all that he aspired to do, and there are great gaps in his plastic rendering of the ages, but he evidently took them all within the sweep of his high and strong imagination and his tender and comprehensive humanity, and this New York wood-carver learned to accept and interpret the place of the nations in the order of

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civilization; and broader and wiser than many a learned commentator, he called up the characters of Judea, Greece, Rome, Germany, America, to unfold the apocalypse of time, to show the largeness of humanity, and vindicate the providence of God. What a rendering he has given of the American Indian in the statue presented to us to-night. The sculptor Gibson called it his finest work. What strength and flexibility in the form; what majesty and pathos in the expression; what rebuke in this marble to us!

Intensely individual in his personality, and broad and universal in his sympathy, he was able to unite the two elements in his art and to present the spirit of the ages in the speaking vitality of his creations. This is perhaps the first essential of the artist, that whatever he touches must have the breath of personal life and the breadth of universal fellowship. The lonely little flower that blooms up from under the shelter of an Alpine peak and catches the gleam of sunshine among those icy banks, has its own pertinacious organism, true in every tint and fibre to the record and the banner of its clan; yet it is one with universal nature, and when the painter puts it upon canvas he brings out the catholicity of its solitary confession and makes it tell its whispers with the winds, its banquets with the dews and rains, and its messages of love from the rocks of the earth to the stars of heaven. Crawford had this power in an art less free than the painter's, and under the touch of his chisel the sheaf of California wheat became personal, and its full blades were swelling

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with the magnificence of the Pacific domain and even glowing with the gold of the mines that seemed to ask the grain to signal their hidden splendor to the world.

2. In one respect Crawford deserves honorable and conspicuous name among the leaders of our modern culture, and its master-spirit Goethe, would not have been ashamed to call him brother for what I call his next marked characteristic. He is one of the spirits of peace who are bringing the two great schools of civilization together – the classic school that insists most upon the body and form of things, and the romantic school, that insists most upon the soul and spirit of things—or the Greek and the Gothic. When Crawford begun his career these two powers were at war, as in fact they have generally been, but their antagonism was coming to a head. The Greek spirit was trying to set up again the rule of the body, and the age of industry combined with the restless muscle of the young nations to restore the dynasty of the legs and arms, and to set the gymnast above the philosopher and the devotee. This muscular creed was met by its ascetic antagonist, the Mediæval devotee; and Pugin's churches and Pusey's tracts made a dead set against the Turner's leg and club law and the secularists' whole code of culture. Thus it was Greek against Goth—body against soul. We saw the antagonism sometimes in buildings on opposite sides of the same street. Here a bank in not always cheap imitation of the Parthenon, and there a lath and plaster Gothic church in very cheap imitation of York Minster or Cologne Cathedral. These extreme contrasts marked schools of culture, not always extreme or

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extravagant in their thought and enterprise, the classic and the romantic. Goethe in his Faust called for the end of this quarrel, and in Euphorion, the child of the marriage of Faust with Helena, he predicted the union of the classic and romantic schools in our rising literature.

Now I do not say that Crawford cared much about this literary quarrel, or meant to have his hand in the fray, but I am sure that he felt the painful difference and was moved to do his part towards the true reconciliation. He certainly did much towards the result. His chief productions unite classic strength with romantic spirituality. He is Greek and Gothic or German too. He gives us the body and the soul of man and nature. His first great work, his Orpheus, is example of this union, and when I saw the noble figure thirty-four years ago in Boston, it seemed to me to settle the question that sculpture is a modern art and allows the modern inward life to show itself with the antique strength of form. Orpheus is a Greek and a Christian too, and he faces toward the the Shades or Erebus with limbs trained in the palæstra and with a soul illuminated by the light that is not of this world. This work is a prophecy of our coming literature as well as art. It is one of the signs of the new age of Germanic inwardness and Greek outwardness. We are not to have muscle and materialism on one hand and spindling pietism on the other, but body and soul are to go together. Architecture and sculpture are not to be behind in the reconciliation. Sculpture especially is to rebuke alike the ghostly shadow and the fleshy materialism

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that confront each other, and to show that personality requires soul and body; that within nature there is a mysterious life, and all in art should interpret the indwelling spirit and bring it out in fitting form. This thought is the key-note to our most characteristic and hopeful culture, and it throws bright light upon the new age now opening upon us. Crawford threw its radiance on every sphere of nature and life, and under his hand the wheat and the wild-flowers, playful children and merry youth, as well as heroic men, were transfigured by his touch.

3. We see its application to the institutions and life of our own nation to which Crawford has been a teacher and a prophet. The years of his artist work were critical years for our America, and he went to Rome after the first struggle with nullification had come to a head in its defeat, and the plans were in progress for the second struggle and final defeat. In 1835 our people were feeling, as never before, their place among the nations, and when he returned home to America in 1849, and received the orders for the Virginia monument of Washington, and for the colossal sculptures for the national Capitol, we had entered upon our cosmopolitan period and our imperial greatness, with the gold of California, the conquest of Mexico, the accession of new States at home and swarming fleets of ocean steamers abroad to make us proud of our position and to call for some conspicuous help from the hand of art to give America her true beauty before the world, and to lift her above the materialism that threatened her life. Crawford did the work nobly, and at Richmond and in Washington he set up

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the nation in marble and bronze as eloquently and bravely and persistently as Webster and Clay set it up in speech, or Meade or Hancock or Thomas or Grant ever set it up or kept it up by the sword. And he did what they perhaps neglected; for he not only struck his chisel against the conspirators who sought power, but against the Mammon worshippers who were ready to sell their country for money to the slave lords or any other buyer. The sculptor was an inspired patriot, and his chisel was pen and sword at once. He modelled and carved the thought that was to rule the land, and he put it upon the dome of the Capitol in readiness for the great struggle that was to come. The modern age is the age of the nations, and the modern languages are their voice, the declaration of their liberty and law, the pledge of their birthright and their perpetuity. These languages speak not in words alone but in deeds also, and sculpture puts their great utterance into brass and marble. Thoughtful, earnest men are doing this work now in every free nation, and Crawford as no other man has done this for us. Upon the bronze doors, upon the pediment and the dome of the Capitol, he has embodied the characteristic ideas and institutions of our country, and his record has been read by the nation and told its power in the homes and schools, the armies and the Senate halls of the republic. He has recorded not a spiteful clannishness or provincial jealousy or aggressive sectionalism, but a broad and generous nationality, with protection to every citizen, and towards the whole world the blessing that he read in his prayer-book, "unity, peace, and concord to all

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nations." The body and the soul of the nation he recognized, and he has done his part in keeping its body and its soul together, the land with the law, the soil with the people. There was power in that sculptured record—power not wholly his own; for as there is a mysterious life in nature, and whilst man plants and waters, but the increase is from above and within, so it is in history. A mighty spirit moves over the ages, and all true and high souls are its oracles. The Lord of Hosts, who raised up the Father of our country, raised up the hand that carved his statue and enthroned that country in majesty. It takes the combined lessons and arts of all ages to make a good work of art; and the America that looks down upon us from the dome of the Capitol comes to us from a hand not only trained in the schools of art, but guided by the spirit that of old called order from chaos, and is the Lord and Giver of life. Nothing is done well that is done in self-will without the mysterious overruling will, and our sculptor's work, like the workman, was proof that he bowed to that power. Forces as well as ideas go with true art, and the sculptor's chisel cuts the channels in which these forces run, pouring as they do their tides of moral power in characters that never fade. As beauty has its point of bloom, and art puts it upon canvas to bloom there always, so heroism has its point of fruitage, and the art that seizes this point and puts it into stone or bronze, makes it tell the fact to all time, whether in David's dashing bravery or Washington's calm endurance. Thus interpreted, the America that crowns the Capitol seized the rising national spirit of

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the country as it moved the artist to the inmost being, and there it stood when the fearful trial came for the nation's life, and there it stands now, calling us to move on to the century opening upon us now, strong in the God of our fathers and with the transmitted life of his people.

How much any one work or any one man can do or has done it is not easy to calculate, but we must remember that the measure of the mass of weight or force of motion is not by the sum total, but by the balance of conflicting elements. He starts the avalanche who overcomes the weight that keeps the centre of gravity in poise, and he moves the nation to its daring who overcomes the inertia that keeps it from moving. The few monuments of patriotic art that we had in our struggle gave their silent force to the flag, and the majestic figures in our Union Square and at the Capitol fought for us from first to last, and brass and marble gave out the latent fires in which their material was formed and their proportions were shaped.

II. The lesson of Crawford's life to us, his countrymen, cannot be easily misunderstood. It tells us to accept the true idea of the art which he followed, to carry it out in the education of our children, and to make it tell upon the public spirit of the nation.

1. The true idea of art—what is that? There have been definitions of art without number, but they all amount to very much the same thing. Art is the way to do things, and fine art is the way to do things finely; the way to put soul into body, to lift the actual to the ideal, to see and bring out the spirit

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that is in nature and life, and to exalt the things that are seen to the standard of the beauty that is unseen. All depends upon following the method of the Creator, and in accepting the two facts of soul and body wisely and effectively. Without soul we have clay and flesh and blood without life, and without body we have only notions, shadows, dreams so far as present evidence can go. The point is to study carefully the reality of things, and to express the truth in the form of beauty, understanding by beauty not prettiness or pleasantness merely, but whatever belongs to the true harmony and unites the many particulars with the supreme perfection. In this sense art is not any one craft, whether architecture, sculpture, painting, that use the hand and appeal to the eye, nor poetry, music, oratory, that use the voice and appeal to the ear; but it is all good work that beautifies and exalts life, and raises nature and man up to the ideal standard. There is fine art in manners, in society, in influence over schools and nations, in teachers and statesmen, in the pioneers of civilization, and in the ministers of religion. Whatever sees the truth of things and works out their possible beauty is of the essence of beautiful art. The mother, who refines her home and moulds her children and elevates her family and helps Christianize her neighborhood, is sister of the Muses, and none of the Nine need be ashamed of her company. The captain who subdues the reckless animalism of his crew and wins them to order, gentleness, loyalty, and reverence, is brother to the sculptor who strikes intelligence into shape from the rough

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marble by his touch, and makes it tell to all time its lesson.

We need to accept this generous definition of art, and to broaden its fellowship in order to show the narrowness of the mere craftsmen who wrong beauty, just as priestcraft wrongs religion, by claiming the exclusive right to its spirituality. The artist, like the preacher, needs to be one among men, not apart from them, and the more he is a representative brother and the less an official lord, so much the better for him and them. There is no danger that art, any more than religion, will decline under this true fellowship of souls. Taking this view we must be willing to appreciate all attempts to adorn life and to bring the supreme beauty to bear upon the world. We must be willing to see the spirit of art where its implements are poorly mastered, and to believe that our stout fathers and frugal mothers were working America into shape before sculpture and painting appeared; that many an Isaac carved the image of his Rebecca out of the rough fortune with which he struggled for her sake, and many a Jacob painted his Rachel upon streams and clouds during his long service for her hand, and made the picture solace him by the way like a Madonna face at the stations upon the pilgrim's path. In time the spirit of beauty took more organic shape, and we had painters, sculptors, architects, as well as orators, poets, and singers of our own. Perhaps free speech was the first of our American fine arts in order of time, and the eloquence of rising liberty brought the spirit of grace earliest to our land. Before printing had made love

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to painting here, and engraving was born of their marriage, a printer's boy began the arts of beauty, and Franklin's prose style had nothing to learn of the scholars of England or the wits of France.

When Crawford appeared we had no first-class sculpture, little good architecture, little painting of the high historical school. He made us strong where we expected to be most weak, and won to himself a name in an art that was supposed to belong to antiquity and to linger beyond its time upon the modern stage. He made us feel that it belongs to us and to our country. Why not, for what does sculpture mean but man and character, and where ought these to be more accepted than here, where we have not the rich costumes and brilliant courts that painting delights in, and if we have not men and characters we are poor indeed. Think of him, as he was bent upon his first attempts at sculpture here, in his years of service with Frazee & Launitz, and let the description in Professor Greene's words bring him and his art near to our American thought: "Most of his time the whole of his daylight belonged to his employers; but the evenings were his own, and how happy was he when the evening sunlight, slowly creeping up the wall, announced the approach of the hour that was to set him free; and when hurrying home for a hasty meal, he could take his notes under his arm and return to his studio for his evening labor of love. If, of the hundreds that hourly passed by that humble door in the pursuit of pleasure or gain, some curious one had stopped to look in, he would have seen a young man about five feet

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eleven inches high, of a slight but vigorous frame, with prominent eyes of clear blue, ample forehead, lips full but firm, cheeks flushed with an excitement that heightened the ruddy glow of health, the muscles of the face already formed to the expression of deep feeling and elevated thought, the thick chestnut hair sprinkled with marble dust, a modelling tool in his hand, and on the stand before him a head of clay on which the light fell imperfectly from a candle strongly fastened in his hat. He would have seen that there was no common earnestness in that face, no common skill in that hand; and oh! why, of the hundreds revelling in superfluous wealth, could not one have discovered in the toiling youth the future author of the Orpheus, and, devoutly thanking God for the privilege, held out a brother's hand to help him in his hour of need, over the rugged pass that still divided him from the full possession of his powers!"

2. Such was Crawford, a youth of twenty-three; and what he was in susceptibility thousands and tens of thousands now in the land are, and some of these not without sparks of his genius. How great, then, the need of a better art education here for our children—an education not merely for those who are to be artists by profession, but for all who have any sense of beauty and any aspiration for refinement in life. This education ought to be thoroughgoing, to begin at the beginning of intelligence and comprehend all faculties of our nature and all fields of art. It should begin before books and schools, and should bring all the intellectual and

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active powers into direct contact with the world of beauty.

It is a fine remark of Saint Beuve that taste is the first essential of criticism, and when we judge a book, as when we eat an apple, it is more important to taste its quality well than to analyze its elements scientifically. According to this idea it is important to cultivate a living and just taste in our children, and this is to be done not by treatises on æsthetics, but by accustoming them to observe and to enjoy the best things for themselves. All the senses are to be properly trained, and instead of making children plod over books and cram their memories with words, they should be taught to touch, and hear and see nature and art for themselves. Object teaching should go before letter teaching, and it is perhaps best that they should have nothing to do with books and verbal lessons before they are seven years old. This is evidently the method of nature, and Froebel with his Kindergarten is the prophet of a good time coming for the emancipation of children from the yoke of the old pedagogues and of their admittance to the new liberty of nature and art. All the senses are to be educated in connection with their proper objects, and form, color, mass, perspective are to be known and interpreted in themselves, and not in lifeless print and prosy description. By wise selection and adaptation, all the senses may be developed into a true sense of the beautiful, and may open into a practical judgment that is not only the foundation of the critical faculty, but also an essential condition of all practical good sense.

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We need, not only for professional artists, but for all well educated people, a certain judgment that cannot be looked for too early, and which in matters of taste holds the same place that conscience holds in the sphere of morals. It is as unwise to limit this judgment to artists and professional critics as to limit conscience or the religious sentiment to the clerical class or to ethical and theological writers; for just as all true men are called to have ethical and religious convictions, so all cultivated people are bound to have a due sense of the beautiful and fair judgment upon the best examples of beautiful art. This judgment, like the moral sense, depends more upon wholesome associations than upon theory, and when children are accustomed to see beautiful objects, to walk among flowers and birds, lawns and groves, by rivers and lakes, to look upon good pictures and statues, and to be among people of gentle speech and graceful manners, they catch the spirit of beauty, both as a sentiment and a conviction; and their pleasure in the taste, like the flavor of the strawberry and the peach, passes into the very constitution, and the sweetness on the lips is light in the brain and in its chambers of imagery. We want in all of our education more of that fine element in reason that feeds on the beautiful and transfigures its sweetness into light. Any one who has gone with bright children into the gardens or the art galleries and seen the quick intuitions that flash up from their ready perceptions, will discern at once what I mean by this intellectual influence of beauty, and he will not regard Edmund Spenser a dreamer

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for calling thus upon Heavenly Beautie in his Hymne:

"Cease, then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethink how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdome, and His blis,
His grace, His doome, His mercy and His might,
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight!"

There is of course another side to this art education—the more active side, for art is essentially active and its virtue is eminently in the sphere of the will. This activity needs training alike in originating enthusiasm and executive power. Here is the sad truth with the prevailing methods of education, that they do not stir the will to enterprise or to achievement, but content themselves too much with impressions and words. Here too the common artistic culture has been too feeble, and passive taste has taken the place of earnest aspiration and active force. Why not begin with setting this matter right? Why not put the spirit of originality into our children by making them hunt out object lessons for themselves in the gardens and woods and by the water? Little Billy can be trained to delight more in bringing flowers, mosses, leaves, berries and shells from his rambles than in robbing birds' nests, and he and his companions, girls as well as boys, can grow up with a well-spring of original life within them, that will tell not only upon their own lot, but upon the tastes of society, and in time interpret itself in gardens, halls, pictures, statues, music and

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all gentle arts, whether by the patronage that encourages genius to do its work, or by the gifts of genius itself in their persons. We want this fresh, life-seeking, life-giving spirit everywhere to stir and elevate our dull routine and our feeble and exacting pleasure-seeking generation.

With this original freshness executive force should go, and it is the essential characteristic of art that it compels its disciple to work and never to be content with any dream of beauty apart from doing it into artistic form. Here our sculptor is a noble example—a good mechanic as well as an imaginative designer. He had learned to carve wood and marble before he moulded clay or pencilled sketches, and his mechanical skill had much to do with his artistic excellence. We all need to remember this fact and to beware of the dreamy, bookish, imbecile culture that stops with fine notions and never carries the idea forth to the deed. We cannot do without mechanical skill, and our artists sometimes fall short of the true mark by being content with the literary part of their art; calling themselves architects and sculptors because they can dream of buildings and statues with little power to put them into wood and stone. My impression is, that the best recent experience of art education leads us to respect more and more the example of such men as Albert Dürer and Michael Angelo, who were mechanics as well as artists, and to urge the need of training our young artists in the strong and true hand as well as in the quick brain and the fertile fancy. Why not carry this principle into all education, and

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put muscle as well as mind into all our schooling? Why not put away a great part of the verbiage and cramming from our schools, and teach even little children the alphabet of nature and the handwriting of art? Why not teach them to seek out and to see all the attributes of things for themselves, and to write them out with their own hand in characters of form, color, and mass? We ought all to learn to draw or paint or model, and if possible combine all these arts of expression, not to make us all artists, but to give us mastery over our own faculties and the nature of things. The leaders of education are seeing this need and meeting it. The deluge of print is abating, and as its waters subside we are seeing the green earth, the meadows, the trees, the birds, the cattle, and the farms and habitations of men, and asking power to render them in all their reality, instead of being content with pale shadows of them on the printed page. We need to reform education in both directions—to make muscle more artistic and to make art more muscular. Our modern division of labor is the result of the sectarian spirit that divides men by the very differences that ought to bring them together, and the separation of practical gifts, that need each other, is worse than the war of speculative opinions that have perhaps outlived their day. The workman needs to be again brother to the artist and to love the plan of the building on which he works. The artist needs to be again a workman and to carry ideal enthusiasm into the hammer as well as the pencil, and to put hand and heart into architecture and engineering. It is a

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pity that Italy did not appreciate Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo as mechanics and engineers as well as painters and sculptors, and use their genius to bring health to the malarious marshes and work and competence to the impoverished people. This union of genius with industry must come, and the true artist must not only charm our leisure by his fancy, but he must invigorate and ennoble the life of nations by his skill and invention and enterprise.

Carry out these ideas of art education, and our whole standard of culture rises, our boys and girls will have better senses and judgment, aspirations and powers for their various spheres, whilst they who have especial ability as artists will be prepared for their vocation in the especial schools of art. All honor to these especial schools—to the Cooper Institute, to the Academy of Design, to the public schools of art which are now rising throughout Christendom and in which, so far as America is concerned, I believe the State of Massachusetts has taken the lead, not merely for the refining of the taste of her people, but for the elevation of her industry and the increase of her wealth.

3. In all this effort we need a broad and generous public spirit, and we are apparently to have it in due time. Our public spirit has not been hard or selfish, but it has been busied mainly with working the soil and our industry into shape and giving as far as possible the polish of grace to the implements of toil and the stamp of art to the structures of industry and thrift. We need to know better than

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we do, that labor languishes and thrift fails without the true endowment of beauty; that all capital is not to be counted in money, and the peerless bequests of former generations, the masterpieces of ages, are seen without money and enjoyed without being exhausted. What a blessing in the assurance that so much has been done by gifted men that is the lasting property of the human race, and that the treasures of art, like the perfections of God, are not wasted by being used, and the more they are known and appreciated, the more they abound. Happy therefore are they who give such gifts to the people as our President has given to-night. The bequest shall live when he is gone and our children's children have passed away.

The want of the art spirit and its products here puts us at disadvantage in comparison with Europe, and our people go abroad in part to escape the worry and anxiety of this new and crude country, where nothing is finished, to find relief in the old world where centuries gather their treasures, and life has something of the finish that makes it the Sunday of grace and not the perpetual washing-day of scrubbing and discontent. The art spirit is to help us out of this difficulty, and instead of robbing us of our young energy, it is to open to it new visions of triumph and to give our restless dash the calmness which is the crown of true power, and without which its force is a fever that ends in imbecility and death. Let us have, then, our true art culture, and have it in our own way in the interests of our liberty and order, in loyalty to the justice and humanity that we

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acknowledge and in service of the religion that we revere.

There is no want of subjects for our artists, nor of genius for the arts. For more than a hundred years we had gifted men of our own stock who have shown conspicuous gifts, and surely nature is fair enough for our landscape painters, and our people and our history are not wanting in traits for the historical painter and the sculptor. Some of our best artists have been trained at home, and they have found scenes and figures enough for them here. Our men certainly are not bad looking, and our women are, to speak with moderation, as fair as any in the world—the fairest of any, we may perhaps safely say. If our art took its lead from Italy, it has in some respects rivalled its masters, and probably we have American sculptors and painters—sculptors surely, who surpass any contemporary Italians. They told me in Rome that there was but one Tenerani, and I looked into his atelier, alas! on the day after his death, earnest even at that time to pay my tribute to this gifted pupil of Thorwaldsen. But he evidently had been overpowered by the antique that he had so devotedly studied, and he had not, like Crawford, used its severe and massive form so as to help him to shape a higher ideal of humanity. It is well if our America can pay her debt to Italy in any way, and like the Roman daughter give back the tide of life to her parent. It is well that Michael Angelo finds here an interpreter that Rome has not allowed him to find at home, and whilst Rome sends to America the Cardinal's hat, America has antici-

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pated the compliment by sending to her the liberty-cap which Crawford there designed before he chiselled it on the head of his colossal statue. That liberty-cap is something more than a compliment, and with the cocked hat of the Continental army of our American Revolution it has told and is telling upon the public opinion of Europe and of Rome more powerfully than any of the honors or the fulminations of the Vatican. Perhaps Italy is in this respect changing places with America, and whilst we are accepting her art, she is accepting our industry and thought, and doing last for her people the work of health and thrift, which we did first—making the rule of utility come after her empire of beauty.

All honor and success to her in each sphere! Italy and America—whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder! This word for Italy it is well to say on this four hundredth year since Michael Angelo's birth, and to add these noble words of Christopher Pearse Cranch:—

"Ennobled by his hand
Florence and Rome shall stand,
Stamped with the signet ring
He wore where kings obeyed
The laws the artists made.
Art was his world and he was Art's anointed king.

"So stood this Angelo
Four hundred years ago;
So gravely still he stands,
'Mid lesser works of art,
Colossal and apart,
Like Memnon breathing songs across the desert sands."

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Now that we are counting our first century of national life, it is well for us to recollect ourselves somewhat seriously, and in our letters and art try to perpetuate the best lessons and examples of our record. All art rests upon experience, and Memory, mother of the Muses, gives the great subjects for invention as for history. Crawford has done his part to embody the great remembrances of our nation, and we are asked to combine all true men and principles and powers to give continuity to his work. Mere individualism cannot do anything great or good, and all nobleness starts in a memory beyond the individual man, and combines forces and continues influences beyond his egotism. It is well for us to bring out the wealth of our record, to set the images of our fathers in the front of honor, to rebuke self-seeking and knavery in high places by the dignity of august examples as well as by the majesty of pure principles, and to give the immortal touch of art to the names of our patriots and lawgivers. Probably the latent spirit of the people is in this respect in advance of the standard opinion of our scholastic men and our men of wealth; and as in the defence of the nation against treason, so in its due elevation by the potent hand of art, our people will surprise the plodding world by their readiness to welcome every noble inspiration that gives the country her due place among the nations and owns her due loyalty to the kingdom of God. Our people will appreciate Crawford's patriotic work more and more, and Richmond, no longer estranged, will in time be a shrine of pilgrimage to Northern

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patriots who go thither to look upon the noblest of American monuments, with its statues of Washington and Patrick Henry and Jefferson and Marshall, that stand for the union and liberty that they won for the whole country.

This New York Historical Society has done its part in this direction, and will do it still.

You, Mr. President and gentlemen, have built this solid hall of remembrance and filled it with treasures of letters and art, and opened it to the young generation.

Nowhere in this land is there a better collection of historical memorials, and to-night a noble piece of sculpture is added to the wealth of canvas and marble that have long been gathering.

We have the requisite conditions for a great institution of history and the arts. There is none so good, nor is there likely to be any. Let the new building rise in its strength and beauty, with ample room for all the arts, for letters, sculpture, painting; all that presents the life of men and nations, and speaks to our children its august memories and its inspiring hopes. Here let our citizens present their august fellowship with the nations and the race, counting nothing human foreign to our blood. Here let our rich treasures unite their wealth and their witness. Here let the marbles of Nineveh and the antiquities of Egypt join with the art of Italy, Flanders, Holland, Spain, France, Germany, and our own land to enrich our American birthright, and to tell coming generations that we look to a worthy future, because we grow

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from a substantial root in the past and feed upon its unfailing spring of strength and beauty and joy. Here write in letters and books, on canvas, in brass and in marble, the Word of History, and God and Humanity will breathe the Spirit of Life.

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TRIBUTE TO CRAWFORD, DECEMBER 14, 1857.

The address is made more complete by recalling the commemorative discourse of Professor George W. Greene, December 14, 1857, and the remarks from Dr. Osgood that followed, which we here insert from the *Evening Post* of that week.

"The anniversary discourse of the New York Historical Society was given on Tuesday, December 14, by Prof. George W. Greene, of this city, and treated of the life and genius of Thomas Crawford, the gifted sculptor, whose sad death has taken from us perhaps the first of American artists. The discourse will be published. We add a few words of Rev. Dr. Osgood, who was asked to introduce the resolution of thanks.

"Dr. Osgood, after reading the resolution, said: "I am most happy, Mr. President, to express the thanks of the Society for the beautiful and eloquent address to which we have just listened, and cannot but think the subject most appropriate for the second anniversary in our new and expressive edifice. This building is dedicated to history, in the highest sense of the term, and includes art as well as letters, in its records of the deeds and thoughts of men. Our galleries of painting and sculpture, as well as our library and archives, preserve the mark of man upon the ages, and history, as we read it, is written with the sculptor's chisel and the painter's pencil quite as emphatically as by the author's pen and the printer's type. It is just, therefore, to give this anniversary evening to the memory of our great—probably our greatest—American sculptor, and our satisfaction in what we have heard to-night is as warrantable as it is unanimous.

"I do not profess to be an adept in the beautiful arts, whether of the connoisseur or the amateur kind, and am the more en-

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couraged to throw out a few thoughts suggested by the address, from the very fact that I speak somewhat as an outsider, and my words may have something of the same interest as the notes of a strange traveller—some Hindoo or Chinese—upon our land and people. The first thought that comes to me is the cheering conviction that kind Providence, in the ample bestowal of material goods and enterprise, does not evidently mean to stint us in respect to the rarer gifts of intellect and beauty, but is kindling on every side, in the spirits of chosen men of our people, the same divine fire that has glowed in the genius of a Phidias and Apelles, a Raphael and Michael Angelo. Education can do much, but it can never bring out of a man what God never put into him, and genius is born whilst knowledge is acquired. Education trained Crawford's hand to its skill, but God gave him his genius, and this obscure New York boy, whose labors we now honor, was taught of heaven before he was taught of men, that he belonged to the elect priesthood of the beautiful arts. His example, with that of not a few others, is therefore most cheering, and encourages us in the faith that whilst we are for a time obliged to rough it in this new country, and work hard for that prime essential, our bread and butter, in due season we shall carve arabesques upon the bread-plate, and embroider flowers into our table-cloth, and exalt our plodding utility by all the refinements of taste and creations of beauty. On every side artistic genius is developing itself, and proud as we are of our ploughs and reapers, our presses and engines, we have no reason to be ashamed either of our artists or their patrons, nor to doubt that this land of corn and cotton can bear its full proportion of herbs of grace and flowers of loveliness.

"This satisfaction in the promise of American art does not move us to the rabid kind of patriotism that scoffs at everything foreign, and, in its attempt to magnify, actually belittles us, by cutting us off from the Old World and making us a fragment of humanity instead of a hemisphere of the full globe. Crawford properly went to Rome to school his genius under the discipline of the best masters and to study the great works that treasure up the riches of all ages in those priceless repositories. It is well for us Americans thus to believe that we belong not to ourselves alone,

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but to humanity; and that as we receive much from the Old World, so we owe much, and are called to pay back our debt for so much wisdom and beauty by new enterprises of manliness and inspirations of hope. The fear is, however, that our youth who travel in Europe and revel in the arts of Italy, will refine their taste at the expense of their originality, if not soften their manners at the cost of their manhood. Most of them seem to weaken their force as they widen their range, and to come back enchanted rather than inspired. But enchantment is not inspiration. Calypso's grotto is not Apollo's temple, nor is Circe's cup Castalia's fountain. Crawford did not confound the two experiences nor lose his originality among the master-pieces of ancient art and the distortions of modern crities. Perhaps, without being conscious of it, he embodied his own brave thought upon the genius of Italy, that mausoleum of humanity, whose inspiration is a remembrance rather than a hope, in his marvellous statue of Orpheus, who is represented as calling up, by the charm of his music, the spirits of the dead, instead of leading on the march of living humanity by his cheering strain. Italy, too, is looking, like Orpheus, into the under world, and, like him, vainly trying to recall its cherished past, that lost Eurydice. Italy, who gave Crawford the finishing touch of her skill, did not overlay his originality by her traditions. He turned from the land of Memory to the new world of Hope, and his Washington embodied his faith, whilst it crowned his genius.

"The statue at Richmond is Crawford's history of the Father of our Country, and it will be read for ages by eager eyes, under the light of God's own heaven, when most of the rhetoric that is now called immortal is forgotten, and the people who call him blessed shall fill the continent with their civilization and girdle the globe with their industry.

"There is something very friendly and sympathetic in the look of this great assembly here met in honor of a fellow-citizen whose brilliant life was full of trials, and whose early death was a tragedy of anguish and disappointment. He was more sadly afflicted than Milton, whose eyes,

> "So thick a drop severe hath quench'd their orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veiled."

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"The poet's work may prosper without sight, and he may sing

> "As the wakeful bird
> Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note."

"But how shall the sculptor guide his hand without that friendly light? The sense of vision—that gate called Beautiful to this living temple, the body—was to Crawford most painfully darkened and closed. Yet to him the world of loveliness was not sealed up, for, under God's discipline, sight becomes insight, and the shapes of beauty that for years had been passing through that temple-gate were now kneeling before the interior shrine. The Ideal that was the dream of his boyhood and the life of his maturity did not desert him in his dark sorrow, but was transfigured into faith in the truth and beauty that are heavenly and eternal. There is something in the genial and grateful spirit of this assembly that throws brightness over our artist's great sorrow and premature death, and brings him to us in his health and joy. May we not devoutly trust that he who loyally gave himself to the chosen ministry of Beauty does not renounce the mind in putting off the body, nor abjure his ruling love in quitting its earthly sphere? We leave his soul with that Infinite and Eternal Spirit whom we are called to know and adore, not only as the Almighty and All-Wise, but also as the All-Merciful and All-Lovely."

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

At a stated meeting of the New York Historical Society, held in its Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 6th, 1875,

"The Librarian, Mr. Moore, read a letter from the President, as follows:

"*Library of the New York Historical Society,*
April 6, 1875.

"George H. Moore, LL.D., Librarian, &c.

"My dear Sir—Having purchased from Mrs. Louisa W. Terry, executrix of the last will and testament of the late Thomas Crawford, his marble statue of '*The Indian*,' I now offer it as a gift to the New York Historical Society.

"The papers relating to its proper legal transfer are communicated herewith, as the muniments of title for the Society.

"I trust that this noble work, regarded as the masterpiece of its distinguished author, may remain in perpetuity among our collections, to commemorate the Indian of North America.

"Frederic de Peyster,
"*President*, &c."

The paper of the evening was then read by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, on "*Thomas Crawford and Art in America.*"

Mr. William J. Hoppin submitted the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. John Austin Stevens, and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are cordially extended to our President, Frederic de Peyster, for his munificent gift of the colossal statue of "*The Indian*," by the eminent sculptor Thomas Crawford.

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Resolved, That in our acknowledgment of this princely addition to our treasures, we recall the many previous similar benefactions, as well in works of literature as of art, with which Mr. DE PEYSTER has enriched the collections of the Society.

Resolved, That we recognize with pleasure in this grateful record the names of two so highly honored sons of New York—the Artist and the Citizen—now forever united by grateful association in the thoughts and affections of our members.

* * * * * * *

Mr. ERASTUS C. BENEDICT submitted the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. JAMES H. TITUS, and adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to the Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, for his able and eloquent paper read this evening, and that a copy be requested for publication."

Extract from the Minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,
Recording Secretary.

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Osgood, Samuel

Thomas Crawford & art in America

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